

# THE RADICAL.

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## DISCOURSES CONCERNING THE FOUNDATIONS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

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### I V.

#### THE ADEQUACY OF NATURAL RELIGION.

LET us recapitulate. All evidences of Religious Truth rest ultimately on the testimony of the Spiritual Nature of Man. And no authority of the sort designated as "supernatural" can ever go behind this, supplant it, or supply its defects. Neither the Bible, the Church, the word of Jesus, nor the alleged Miracles, can of themselves prove any doctrine true. They are themselves to be tested by the Spiritual Nature, and stand or fall according as they do or do not fulfill its organic demands. Moreover, the representative of the Spiritual Nature in each person is the state of his religious consciousness, the condition of light or darkness, good or evil therein. It is always this, not Bible, Church, or Miracle that determines his belief. When he thinks he is judging by their authority, he is really judging by this, and *its* authority. It is idle to talk of infallible revelations, of supernatural proofs, when there stands behind all teachers, a judge within us, who decides for us what every doctrine shall mean. We rely on this authority, and cannot help it. The way to reach Truth, therefore, is not to go to Bible, Church, or Miracle to see what is true, but to fit the mind, and the conscience for the natural discerning of truth. The first step is to be thoroughly free and thoroughly in earnest; it is to put away once and forever all enslavement to outward authority, and all the selfish aims and passions that distort and pervert the vision of truth.

The Constitution of the Soul is our living Bible. The endeavor to

learn and meet its real needs is the way of salvation. The Presence of God therein is our Saviour. The life that flows through its channels into our lives is our Inspiration.

The Word of God is in every one of us ; nigh unto us, in our very mouths. We need not go afar to a chosen race, to an exceptional Age or Person. We shall only be sent home again to our natural faculties, to our simple moral and spiritual needs. We may as well admit it. We cannot see with infallible eyes. We cannot walk with supernatural feet. We must see with our human eyes. We must walk with the feet that are given us. It is idle to be querying what grounds we have for trusting them. We have of course no other than this, that we are so made that to trust them is the condition of all normal sight and locomotion.

Let the Abanas and Pharpars go. We cannot get any other foundation for the earth than the present sustaining Power of God. We may put a tortoise under the layers and say it stands on that ; and then an elephant under the tortoise, and then a sphynx under the elephant ; and so on down and down ; but after all, we come to the same heavenly spaces, where no visible foundation is, and end our earth-propping there, as we might have done at the first. And so we may put our supernatural "Christ" under the natural faculties because they are so unreliable, and under him the infallible Bible or Tradition, and under that the chosen Hebrew Race. And as we lay them one under the other we may say solemnly, "Other foundation hath no man laid" ;— and, "Behold the Rock of Ages" ;— and, "This is the way, the truth, the life ; no man cometh to God but by this." Yet where are we at last, but staking the whole upon those very faculties we had doubted and despised ? What can sustain the new foundations but that in which the first was laid, the spiritual nature that is in every one, and read by him according as he is ? Tortoise, elephant, sphynx, brought us no nearer the resting place for our faith than we were when we stood on the green Earth, and looked straight up into the blue deeps of the divine mystery that holds us every instant in its arms ; aye — no nearer than when we devoutly marked how a little leaf was growing or how a drop of dew reflects the sky.

We must rely on our Nature, *through which* we see God, enough to believe that it is quick and stanch with His Goodness and His Order, and that our consciousness, rightly treated, will teach us more and more of these. This, then, is the Philosophy of Faith. Implicitly trust the Natural Constitution of the Soul as the foundation of all spiritual knowledge. If it is unreliable or inadequate, there is nothing for us to trust, since we cannot get outside of it, nor beyond it. *Find*

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*God in it, then,* by devoutly studying and following its laws. No creed that disparages any faculty can be right. No enslavement to authority, to imagined infallibility at the expense of Reason and Nature, can save. It is putting out our own eyes, and cutting off our own feet. All possible light of science, all possible love of freedom, truth and good, are needed to bring clearly out the Revelation of God in the Spiritual Constitution of Man. When that revelation is exhausted or hopelessly disabled, you may pray for another and a better; or you might do so, were it not impossible that there should then remain within you either any desire to receive it, or any divinity to which it could appeal. To regard Jesus as the sign that human nature had become thus disabled, so as to need the supplementing of natural religion by "revealed," is to forget that recuperative energy which is its simplest law; it is to argue its degradation from its very divineness, and its beggary from the very splendor of its resource.

What, then, is this Voice of Nature? Is its import clear and positive? Is its witness, as history and experience report it, adequate to teach and guarantee our best solutions of the momentous questions of life?

In a recent admirable work on "Ancient Law," I find it stated that "contrary to the general impression, the stable part of our mental, moral, and physical nature is the largest part of it." Such recognitions, from a purely practical point of view, are signs of healthful reaction on the sensationalism which has boldly denied, and the supernaturalism which has disparaged, the *immutable element in human belief*. The report of nature on certain matters has been uniform from the beginning; and these are precisely the most vital of all. That the special meanings attached to such words as Deity and Duty should alter, is a condition of growth, to which all conceivable revelation is subject. But the changing shapes are all born and fed from certain constant intuitions; and the whole succession of religious beliefs does but evolve the divine purport of these, by natural law. This is the fact of facts. These are the root words of man's eternal speech; *on these let the emphasis fall*. Wherever you find Man, there you find the irresistible instinct of worship. In whatever rude way he may express the need, he must and will find some object of religious awe and trust. Nor has there ever been a rational person who did not practically, if not consciously, confess the authority of a Moral Law. This is but another form of belief in a God, and will serve to prove to one who imagines himself an Atheist, that after all he is no such moral and intellectual monstrosity as that. So the fact of spiritual need and the nature of moral choice and right purpose

are the same in all ; if we can but get deep enough and look simply and freely enough to see it.

Nor is the *quality* of belief so different in different ages and races as is generally supposed. It is all one Tree of Life, and the stress of one structural law is everywhere, from its first cotyledon to the grand sweep of its latest foliage. Wherever the earliest stages are passed, there is always in the conception of Deity some sense of Omnipotence, of Imperishableness, of Justice, of Providential Care. So the multiplicity of the ancient gods always involved a vague *unity* for the mind of the worshipper. It was assuredly one thing, *divineness*, that he found in all of them. In the oldest Veda they all mean essentially the same, and are mutually interchangeable. The moment man began to be self-conscious; he began to infer a divine unity from his own individuality, and he has never forgotten it. Sometimes the whole was believed to be God, as All in all. This was the Pantheistic idea of Divine Unity. Sometimes different forces of Nature, physical and moral, were taken as diverse manifestations of Deity. This was the Polytheistic sense of Divine Unity ; and however obscure in the general mind, it found expression in those who penetrated to the substance of their own belief. The learned argument of Cudworth in proof that Monotheism is at the root of all ancient theology, is but the expansion into volumes, of what the great masters of ancient thought have simply affirmed. It is indeed only by degrees that the conception of Deity, compend of all human passions, has reached *moral unity*; in other words, has come to be based on certain great moral principles as universal in the divine government. The best minds in the Hebrew race do not seem to have reached it any earlier than those of the Hindu, Persian, Greek. But men instinctively act upon the presumption of moral immutability long before they distinctly conceive the idea of Law. Nor could any person of simple and consistent character have found it unnatural to shape the many deities of his traditional faith or the single God of his peculiar enlightenment, into the image of the moral unity organized within him. All the great Religions, Oriental, Greek, Roman, brought forth in some sort, as seeds folded in their thought of God, the Infinite as Spirit, as Sovereign, as Judge, as Father ; leaving no holy Name for Christianity to invent. And all our root words of prayer and praise are of immemorial antiquity, the earliest Aryan and the latest American their common heirs.

And let us remember that there must be certain *moral postulates*, forever indisputable, to make religion, social ethics, or indeed social union in any form possible. The Greek tragedians sang of these

"unwritten laws, commanding purity of word and deed, not of to-day nor yesterday, not born of man, nor ever growing old." How all the great legists are led back to this same fountain! It is Cicero's "Right Reason, not one thing at Athens, another at Rome, nor wrought by popular decrees, but uniform, coeval with the Divine Mind." It is Blackstone's "law of Nature, whereto if any human statute be contrary, it is not valid." It is Milton's "law of laws, fundamental to all mankind." It is Montesquieu's "substantial principle of all societies." It is Hooker's "archetype of all human laws, its seat the Bosom of God." "Justice was before society, and men do come together, as even Aristotle says, for the common good." On no other principles than those of mutual obligation, the sacredness of promises, the duty of men to stand by one another for mutual aid, can States exist. And the final doctrines of International Law are but what the oldest societies implied; that "a State is a *moral person*, whose obligations survive changes of government;" and that "the equality of each with the rest is necessary to the very conception of States."

The "Law of Nature" here denoted, is no "social contract" made in some unknown primitive stage of social life. It is no system of actual laws that was ever constructed. It means those moral beliefs that are so deeply rooted in man's constitution that they appear wherever his social relations are well brought into play. It is remarkable that the expression was first applied by the Romans to those social rules which they found to be generally recognized by the various nations with which they came in contact. And this recognition of universality soon grew to an idea of Immutable Morality. Hence the "Equity" of the Roman *prætors*. Here the Stoicks found ample basis for that sense of moral fitness which the Greek mind always attached to the idea of Nature, and reared a sublime ethical system in all essential respects coincident with that of Christianity. Nature was their sacred word. They saw that whatever individual men might do, it was human to acknowledge these principles of Duty and of Good.

"Do as thou wouldest be done unto," says St. Augustine, "is a sentence which all nations under heaven are agreed upon." "The law of all nations," says Cicero, "has forbidden one man to pursue his advantage at the expense of another." And these statements are unquestionably true as regards the positive intent of law as such, notwithstanding all legalized oppressions of the many by the few. These have always been instituted under the pretence of justice; doubtless justified originally to some extent in the minds of their authors by

imagined right, and most assuredly daring to claim no other foundation before the world. No people ever ventured to appeal to any other authority for its legislation, in face of mankind, than justice; not even the Southern Confederacy, which tried hard to make Europe believe it loved liberty better than the Nation did, against which it rebelled. And this is because the worst tyrant comprehends the fact that he who has done injustice has always had society for his foe. He knows well that he must defend himself before a bar of immutable equity in the human soul. This brings all usurpers to their knees, and wrings from their utmost hypocrisy a tribute to the nobility of human nature. The confession is as old as the world. "There is something in Slavery which has at all times shocked or perplexed mankind, however slightly advanced in the cultivation of its moral instincts." The castes in India grew out of the earliest needs of social organization rather than out of intentional wrong. They were a rude attempt at the division of labor, directed by the Religious Sentiment. And when at last they had become a system of frightful oppressions, all kinds of theories were invented by Brahminical ingenuity to place them on foundations of right dealing between man and man. Greek philosophers and statesmen went back to supposed differences in intellectual, moral and physical capacity between races, to find some plausible excuse for Slavery before an instinct of true manhood, which pleaded against it within them. Roman lawyers fabricated in explanation of it, a stipulation for perpetual service on the part of captives whose lives were forfeited by the rules of war. Centuries before its abolition, Rome had confessed its sinfulness, and philosophy and jurisprudence had entered protest and plea in vain. It stood by force of its vested interests and traditional prestige alone.

The Stoicks recognized the instinct which struggled forth in every ancient social theory of lasting importance, when they declared that "all men were created *for the very purpose* that they might help and serve one another." Even Plato's aristocratic Republic was based on the "duty of each to live for the benefit of all"; while his "golden breed" of guardians were stripped of all private rights that they might be utterly devoted to the public service. And the Cyrus of Xenophon is the Greek ideal of a prince governing mankind so as to win their universal consent. The oldest theory of all, the Patriarchal, whether Chinese, Aryan or Hebrew, had a moral basis in the sense of filial duty. And its traditions did not fail of those noble sentiments, religious and humane, of which the domestic affections are the natural germs, spreading forth, as the Confucian ethics describe them, from the individual through the family and the neighborhood, to the whole race.

Generosity, forgiveness, courage, self-sacrifice, have ever had the spontaneous respect of man's social nature. From earliest to latest times, the chord of sympathy has quivered to the same patriotic deeds and magnanimous aims. The same actions that made men famous in the days of Xenophon and Plutarch make men famous now, and are needed to meet the conscience of this day also. We dream we have sight of special moral truth never known before, and celebrate our Christian prerogatives therein. Then some scholar pores over an old Bhagavatgita or Zendavesta of the Gentiles, or older Vedic psalmody of what to us is the Morning of Time, and brings forth thence the treasures of aspiration and recognition that are the guarantees of our best. Some didactic Confucius is seen in far antiquity drawing purest moral doctrine from the wells of a Past that seemed remote even to him; or some brave democratic Buddha protesting against the tyranny of caste in the name of a "law of grace for all." And Cicero at last sums up the issues of ancient thought and prayer in this universal gospel:—"Nor is there any one of any race who cannot attain to virtue by the light of nature; and virtue is no other than the unfolding of human nature into the likeness of God."

And so Christian and Heathen flow together across the centuries; and we recognize that our best living waters come from one fountain-head with those which the world's fathers drank in all climes. And our advance is in this, that these waters have become purer and sweeter and fuller as science and social opportunity have enabled man to reach greater depths at that one fountain head—the Spiritual Nature.

Out of the oldest Bibles we may demonstrate moral and spiritual Brotherhood. Surely it is an ungracious and unbecoming task to strive as many do, over jealous for that honor to Jesus and the Bible which least regards their real glory, to disparage these evidences, and reduce them within the smallest compass by a distrustful and captious criticism. It is better with Cudworth, and Hooker, and Selden, and Grotius, and Lamennais, scholars of every creed, to gather them up with patient and glad research, as proofs of a divine purpose in the ages. It is better to rejoice that the natural constitution of the soul is adequate to spiritual needs, and to recognize in the virtues which glorify every age, the witnesses that it can maintain unbroken communion with the God of its everlasting growth. All that is noble in its faith and life is noblest as testifying of its natural laws. Own children of these are the prophets of every age and every religion, Jesus no less than the rest; children who have best loved their mother's breast and followed her precepts. It was on an *immutable*

conscience that the authority reposed by which they have spoken to the oldest kings and the latest people. From this their inspiration, and to this their appeal.

The testimony of Nature to Immortality is equally universal with the recognition of moral laws. Doubt is exceptional, and explicable where it exists, by peculiar local and individual causes. Hebrew indifference on the subject grew out of the absorption of that people's whole soul into the immortality of their theocracy. From the beginning the heart has looked beyond the veil of death. Codes, creeds, ceremonials, mythologies, customs, monuments of art, all testify to this instinct, from the poles to the equator, from the savage to the saint. The earliest temples, perhaps, were tombs of ancestors ; the earliest known fact of human history, dug out of the tertiary caves among the bones of extinct animals, is that men believed in a "life beyond." The belief was necessary to reconcile man to this life, and he hesitated not to trust a voice thus original and imperative, as truth and destiny. He did not believe his Maker had played him false, or taught him so to yearn for what had no reality. On this basis he has dared to transfer to a future existence the fulfillment of his highest dreams of justice, love, and power.

Our spiritual Nature, then, speaks with no uncertain voice concerning the substantial truths of Religious Belief. Not only do they require no supernatural or supplementary evidences to establish them, but their *highest forms*, supposed in the popular faith of Christendom to be due to such exceptional forces, are guaranteed by the progress of mankind in earlier ages, as *purely natural growths*. Faith in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, in all that Christianity means to the deepest and purest souls, is here seen in more or less advanced stages of attainment ; and the grand word and life of Jesus are pure nature.

Such is the testimony of History. Now let us look at that of Personal Experience. On what authority can it rest the highest principles of Duty, the best aspirations of Love and Worship ? Are there natural evidences which supply the assurance not to be found in an "infallible Bible" or a "miraculous Saviour" ? The question already discussed concerned Historical Progress ; this concerns Individual Life. But the two are one. Here also the answer is : the soul is adequate ; its testimony is not merely the only possible, it is also the *ample* and *impregnable* foundation for these beliefs.

I have called them developments of universal intuitions. They come in the course of a natural progress ; are presented to the better and more advanced souls as the results of their growth ; and thus

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guaranteed and enforced, they are seen as directly as any we call intuitive ; nor would it be over bold to call them intuitions of the second and higher grade. Like those more universal ones, they are not logically proven. They are *recognized* rather, as one recognizes what belongs to him by nature, and cannot be dispensed with, when once recovered. All the premises of experience are seen pointing to them, their forerunners and guarantees. They cannot be false, unless experience is a fraud.

Spiritual growth leads directly to the conviction that we cannot dispense with a Fatherly Providence, that cares for our least as for our greatest wants ; an Infinite Wisdom that orders all events by perfect laws ; an Infinite Justice whose retributions are remedial. It calls for a God whom transgressions cannot turn away from us, who pities most those who most need His pity, and justifies those who most lack justification in the sight of a formal self-righteousness. It calls for a God who has made every aspiration for Truth, Beauty and Good to be satisfied. The need is as profound as it is inevitable. The instant you realize how mighty it is in a really earnest soul, you know that it is *itself ample explanation and justification of these beliefs*. The great mysteries which have come to view in life and death cannot be boldly confronted without such faith. The anxious and refined affections which belong to high civilization cannot dispense with such guardianship. Under this pressure of nature, the Reality of that Indwelling Love to which it points, becomes simply a spiritual axiom, a self-evident truth. To every experienced person its fitness to meet the conditions of life, assures its being their positive solution. It is impossible to refer his certainty to anything else. It could no otherwise be attained. This is the soul's recognition of its Father : as face answers to face in a mirror, so the infinite satisfaction to the infinite yearning, hope, need. By the word *need* I would express something more than a sense of *compulsory* belief : a natural aspiration, a clear recognition of absolute fitness, of harmony with noblest and most indispensable desires. It is thus, and thus only, that the faith in such Fatherhood must have grown up into the perfect assurance it had in the heart of Jesus.

\* Or again : let us note the foundations of our faith in Immortal Life.

The understanding cannot show that we shall "live again." All the phenomena of death are against it. Natural analogy cannot prove it. The same flower that died does not rise next year, but a different one. The butterfly that comes out of the chrysalis was already contained in it ; and *this* second birth is not properly a change from visible to invisible life. There was a time when one was not ; why may

not a time come when he shall cease to be?—This failure of the understanding is compensated by a natural instinct, testifying clearly wherever its light has not been smothered by the queries of logic, or the vices or cares of the life. The belief, such as it is, rests on this: on no miraculous evidence, on no force of demonstration.

But it is generally supposed to rest on the authority of Christian tradition. It lies inert, pillow'd on the creed or the common report, divorced from the soul, till it loses its vitality, and no longer appreciates its origin or proper force. In the hour of its trial, it makes hurried appeal to the understanding, and is challenged with a scrutiny it cannot bear. Who shall trust hearsay on so serious a matter? Who knows that "Jesus burst the tomb"? Or if he did, what does that prove for us, unless he be a mere man like us; and then would not the Church be wrong in its theory of his nature, and so, quite as likely be wrong in its tradition of his resurrection?—We are too much in earnest to be satisfied with mythology or sentimentality, and all prepossessions are shattered.

Then the instinct learns its own meaning, and native right. It grows with the call to meet the great need of that spiritual nature, whereof it is the voice. And we find ourselves believing as children who behold the face of their Father, and know it by its loving kindness, by its all-sufficiency to take away their fear. For we have been carried by the stern experience beneath the accidental and unreliable, the outside of life: we have felt our being touched to the quick: we are kneeling at its hallowed fountain heads, its eternal oracles.

Then the strong needs of our affections bring deeper assurance still. We cannot endure the destruction of that which is part of our own living self. The whole spiritual nature revolts at the suggestion that all this ripening sympathy, binding souls, not bodies, was for nothing, and must end in nothing. I suppose one grand purpose of death is to teach us a boundless faith in the affections. The pressure it brings to bear upon them unfolds their power to oversweep all outward separations and dissolutions. And so, if we would have impregnable certainty of Immortal Life, we shall find it in noble friendship, which dares to stake its possibilities of happiness on sympathy in generous aims, and so to confront the worst that death can do. It is sowing an inexpressible need, to reap an inexpressible assurance.

We are speaking now of an Immortal Life which means Progress, which points beyond death to new help for the weak, new disciplines for the erring, new light on the dark places of experience, new knowledge of the riches of God. Thoughtful persons say it is proved by the imperfection we see in this life, and the manifest infelicities and

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inequalities of human condition here : they infer it alike from the large capacity and the small attainment of the Soul ; alike from the incompleteness of what we are and the boundlessness of what we hope for. But what are these inferences when closely observed, but expressions of *the natural necessity* that is upon us to *explain* these strange phenomena of our life ? From height and depth, from centre and circumference, comes the mighty need. It is the cry of our Nature, and its answer is Immortal Life.

This is need in no poor, unmanly, servile sense. All the currents of our being set thitherward, with a primal and eternal impulsion ; and we recognize their grand purpose as they roll. The testimony is the more thorough as we pursue more earnestly the aims that become us as immortals. In proportion to the dignity of our desires do we approach the sense of necessary existence. When we have once tasted the powers o' true living, how can we let them go ? How can life, so inexhaustible, so precious in its uses, possibly go to the dust ? Felt within us, or seen without us, these spiritual values are the pure negation of death. Beside the fresh graves of their young heroes, can Americans believe in annihilation ?

There is somewhat in the nature of Rectitude which awakens in its worshipper the sense of indestructible affinity and union. He stands on a rock which neither time nor change can move. He becomes a part of the absolute principles for which he lives. In so far as these are organized in his character, he lives in their eternity, not in his own mortal desires and fears. Every conviction partakes the Eternal Beauty of the Moral Order. How bald and trivial by comparison are the so-called "Evidences of a Future Life" ! Here the moral need has flowered into a consciousness of immortal power. *The soul is testifying of its inmost constitution.* There comes no doubt to cloud its faith. Truth, Holiness, Love, Joy, and Immortal Life are one ; as real as its own existence ; since in them it properly exists, or finds the sense of existence. As reasoning has not proved these things, so Church, Bible, Christ are just as little the foundations of them. All good men and things are helpers : but *this is a spiritual faith reached through spiritual organs.*

What are all lofty standards and ideals but expressions of invincible moral needs ? Do they not rule the soul as its natural sovereigns ? To deny them is unfathomable shame and self-contempt. Men bow to their inward authority as a reed to the wind. Men stand up and speak in their name like trumpets of God. Every genuine affection springs from a longing that cannot be set aside. The larger the perception of duty, the intenser the sense of moral necessity, the "woe is me if I obey not," from which it proceeded. The social regenerations,

whether outflamings of pity and love, or reluctant obedience to overruling justice, come in the resistless tide of perpetual and organic forces. States are led to them neither by supernatural revelations nor by exceptional evidences: neither by miracle, infallible record, nor official mediator. They come because we are made for them; we accept them because they are natural steps in our social growth.

How do we know, we who see but in part, and that through many tears and much failure, that good shall come uppermost with us at last? Keep truth with your own spirit but a little while, and you will cease believing that you can take your goings into your own hands. Though you labor to the utmost of your force, you must lift up those hands, to feel after a Divine Necessity that hedges in your ways right and left, puts limits to your périls, and guards you where it leads. And in this need of a sovereign Destiny, is born the assurance that all shall be well. By and by we believe upon authority of sweet and wonderful experiences of divine care. Those lifted hands had followed nature, as the flower turns to the sun. Follow back your faith in the best issues of conduct to its source, you find it in the impossibility of doubting that a radical thirst, an absolute need, points unerringly to its own satisfaction.

What incomparable force of evidence! Can this gospel of an indispensable claim, this one condition on which life is worth possessing, or indeed anything better than a failure and fool's errand, deceive us? Could creed or report, could natural analogy or "supernatural" wonder begin to make the fact so plain? Take the nearest duty: labor for an idea: give your heart to a pure and helpful friendship: and see if you are not led into a yearning for overruling good, so deep that it bears its own assurance with it;—an answer that waits for it as the spring for the seed.

Who are they that insist the world must go on the old way, "truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne"; no wisdom ever got from experience; evil organic; wicked hates and tyrannies part of a natural order, and never to be expelled from Church, Market, Government, Home? If the "Evidences of Christianity" are what prove that a better future is coming, why is it that so many thousands who sat in the very shadow of rite and covenant, or on high seats in the hierarchies, and who are, according to all dogmatic probabilities, the very elect, have held liberty and justice the two impracticable things in this world, and all who predicted them fools, until revolution, as regenerative as it is terrible, has come to confound their unbelief? The "Evidences of Christianity" do *not* prove the "better future." To believe in that, one must dwell deep enough in his own being,

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to know what it insists should be true in order that life may appear a reasonable and worthy gift of God. It is the answer that a true heart makes to the stern alternative, forced on it past escape :— Either give it up that there is a God and a Law of Justice overhead, or else trample the iniquities which deny them under the feet of your conviction. To face this emergency is the path to practical belief. Are we not seeing a Nation lifted into this assurance of a sublime Future, by being torn from her selfish slumbers and placed in the very jaws of that tremendous alternative? It was so easy to say "Slavery is doomed"; — easiest for those who had least desire that the doom should fall! But no man ever truly believed Slavery was doomed, till he saw clearly that his conscience would perish if he did *not* so believe. And no people ever can know that Slavery is doomed until they find by practical encounter with it that either it and all that comes of it must perish, to the last fibre of wicked prejudice, or their own civilization goes down to death. No man ever practically believed Intemperance or any social vice would be mastered, until it came to his conscience in *this* shape :— either this rot must be stayed, or the ship of moral and spiritual life is to sink. Whether in private or public reformation, the practical struggle must force the need into a mighty demand: *then* wakes the assurance of victory.

I do not overlook the faith in good that comes not by compulsion, but by pure force of fine spiritual instinct and religious genius, or as the bloom of an inherited moral vitality. I am speaking here of that form of conviction which is *practical power* in the hard battle with established evils. What I would emphasize in it is the might of that certainty which is revealed when the depths of our Nature are stirred and heaved into the disclosure of its essential demands.

But spontaneous or enforced, these certainties are proofs of the benignity and adequacy of the Spiritual Constitution. They rebuke the disbelief which resorts for explanation of what is best in human thought and faith to supernatural interference, to a superhuman Christ sent to supplement the natural incapacity of the Soul. Jesus and Christianity did but illustrate this indefeasible divineness of human nature. They were a fresh outflow of its native light and love: a historical result of its organic movement from the beginning: a response of its reserved powers to the mighty demands of the struggle with moral evils; its magnificent disproval of the dogmatic pretence that its spiritual force can ever become exhausted, or its faculties disabled from finding and following God. They yield, in one word, the precise negative and full refutation of the whole traditional dogma of the Churches concerning their origin and meaning. The same nat-

ural forces that sufficed then, still suffice, and ever will : as familiar as eve and morn, as action and reaction, as hindrance and help. And the grand intuitions, ripening with the ages into clearer sight and larger power, still stand face to face with Eternal Truth.

"The Word is very nigh thee." He who believes that the fruit of good labors shall not perish ; he who will sacrifice daily bread to save his honesty ; he who will not be bought to do base service of any kind ; who loves truth, helpfulness and holiness for their own sakes ; follows instincts as true as that with which the child seeks its mother. It is *Recognition* ; highest form of Intuitive, or Direct Seeing. It is the instinct of character, whereby the just person knows the just God who has made him for justice, and every true giver the Spirit who has formed the heart in the image of His Love. • It is not wish, nor conjecture, nor argument, nor imagination that he sees by and relies on. It is the whole Spiritual Constitution, testifying of the law according to which it was organized, and made to live. His certainty can be weakened only by his falling away either from righteousness, or from liberty. Then, divided against itself, the soul may well be found calling its surest testimony a fancy or a snare, and proclaiming that there can be no guarantees but in "supernatural revelation." An ignoble life will spoil this testimony one way ; through the suppression of our affinities for truth and goodness. The traditional theologies will spoil it the other way, through the suppression of our liberty. But neither the moral nor the intellectual perils can disprove the inherent adequacy of the Soul as the organ of Divine Life, nor invalidate its authority as the only guarantee of Religious Belief.

## FOUND.

INTO the forest  
I listless went,  
To seek for nothing  
Was my intent.

I thought to break it, —  
Then soft it spoke :  
Shall I to wither,  
Alas, be broke ?

And there adorning  
A quiet place,  
It branches ever  
And blooms apace. — *From Goethe*

I saw 'mid shadows,  
A floweret stand ;  
A star 't was shining ;  
An eye so bland.

With all its rootlets  
I bore it where  
The garden graces  
A dwelling fair.

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## FETICHISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY DANIEL BOWEN.

### I.

IN undertaking to treat of Fetichism, I count it no mean qualification to have spent several years in a land where it prevails. I shall, however, not confine myself to those manifestations of it which have fallen under my own observation, but, in the light of that which I have actually seen, I shall look abroad, and into the past, and before concluding these articles, endeavor to give a rational account of the whole subject.

To begin with, a proper Fetich is by no means an idol, as we are sometimes given to understand. It is neither a god, nor an image of a god. Fetichism, in its purity, is the religion of those who are ignorant of spiritual or personal divinities. Not attending to this fact has introduced no little confusion into our subject. We have been told that religion began with attributing to divers objects in nature human passions, will, and intelligence. Such conceptions, most evidently, belong to Polytheism, and the era of personal gods. The same error shows itself when it is said that Fetichists regard rude blocks, or meteoric stones, as images of their gods. Pray, let us have one thing at a time! Historically, Fetichism may be mingled with image worship, or, for that matter, with Christianity; but while we are endeavoring to seize the idea of Fetichism, let us study it in its original simplicity. Earlier than the thought of god or gods, is, if I mistake not, that of life beyond the grave. Man has learned to believe in his own spirit before he thinks of angels or devils. Only through the conviction that he may exist invisible to mortal eyes, does he come to think of other unseen intelligences. Then, Polytheism has dawned; but now we are concerned with a manifestation of the religious sentiment much more primitive.

Ought we to call that religion in which there is neither God nor immortality? There is, then, the germ of religion. Fetichism has been called the crudest form of Pantheism. Negatively, Fetichism and Pantheism do resemble each other; but positively, they are at opposite poles. The Pantheist holds everything divine, and the Fetichist holds nothing divine. The idea of divineness has not yet been entertained. It is not our nature—the nature of modern science—that the Fetichist sees about him, a universe, a kosmos, a world all aglow with beneficent meaning; but rather a chaos, a partly friendly, partly hostile concourse of things. The familiar and orderly, the natural, is on the one side; the rare, strange, and unaccountable, the supernatural, is on the other. In neither is there personal agency. We

must not look for profound metaphysical inquiries at this rude half-animal stage of life. The natural and the preternatural are not sharply defined and distinguished. They are not two separate spheres, but the two sides of the same world. The one is that in which there is the manifest order of antecedent and consequent, cause and effect, and the other is that in which events happen, unanticipated, surprising, and marvellous.

Among ourselves, what is it that leads men to worship the common round of things, to which they are hardened and made indifferent by continual repetition, or the rare and wonderful? How thankful people are when they have escaped from imminent peril, how ready to recognize the preserving hand of Providence, and how utterly thoughtless they are of daily and hourly sustenance. Religion comes from the sentiments of awe, fear, wonder, and admiration, which are awakened at first by the strange and mighty powers of nature. And no doubt the savage crouches as a slave in the presence of the dread unknown before he is sufficiently advanced to conjecture that the movements of nature are due to personal agency. Does not the Theist today find it hard to persuade people that the laws and forces of nature are but the actions of a spiritual being? The first impression is evidently that natural agents are impersonal. Can there be no religion till the agencies we are desirous of propitiating be thought of as personal? Doubtless there cannot be that which Christians deem worthy to be called worship; nevertheless, there may be proper Fetichistic homage. The end of religion is self-sacrifice, but it begins in selfishness. Thus practically, as theoretically, Fetichism and Pantheism are separated by the whole diameter of the sphere. The worship of Pantheism is the subjection of the individual to the great whole, while that of Fetichism is the endeavor to subject the very mysteries of the universe to the individual. It is only a conditional worship that a Fetich receives. If its presence insures prosperity, it is highly honored; otherwise it is cast away as worthless. A Fetich is a charm, nothing more. How it is able to confer fortune is a mystery as baffling to poor human reason as the doctrines of popular Christianity.

It seems hardly right to apply the same word to ceremonies of incantation, attempts by hocus pocus and magic to control the destinies, as to the reverence and adoration of the heart, inspired by the thought of the Being of beings, who is the sum of all that is good and great. Doubtless we should not be justified in doing so were it not that Monotheistic ceremonies pass by insensible gradations all the way down to the rude rites of Fetichism. With us, there is Fetichism in connection with religion, and also entirely disconnected from our

religion. I perceive, therefore, that I shall run the risk while treating of the latter, of seeming to be dealing with that which has nothing whatever to do with religion, and, in treating of the former, of misinterpreting the symbols of pure religion. However, it is a risk which I must run, premising only that pure Fetichism is not properly religion, that it does not contain what we regard its first principles, but that it does have the wonder, fear, awe, and credulity of the marvellous, the sense of the preternatural, of human weakness and dependence of which are the basis of the higher religions, and are every where so prominent.

Before considering Fetichism in connection with any of the powerful religions of the world, let us look at some of the manifestations of it, where it makes no pretense of being either a religion or a system of magic. I desire to be excused from naming the country in which the following manifestations of Fetichism came under my own eyes. It is the *thing* that we are after, and it makes no difference whether we find it in Africa, or South America.

While in a village among the mountains, one of the natives in constructing a hut, cut his knee very severely with a large hatchet, and inflammation setting in, he was thrown into paroxysms of agony. To allay the pain, it was recommended by an old woman that the hatchet which had done the mischief be obtained, and tenderly bandaged as if in sympathy. She said she had known instances in which great relief had been obtained in this way. Neither the woman who suggested the remedy nor those who fell in with it (saying that if it did no good at least it could do no harm,) supposed that the act would have any influence on personal beings; but the nature and cause of the pain not being understood, it was imagined that there might be some secret, mysterious connection between the instrument which caused the suffering and the knee which experienced it.

In that country, children going out for berries, sometimes throw the first one they find over the head, for luck, careful not to look back to see where it falls. Such a ceremony might have some connection with the offering to God of the fruits, or sacrificing to Moloch the first born. But with those children I ascertained that there was no idea whatever of making an offering to gods. It was pure Fetichism, a simple act of magic for which there was no philosophy.

One of the most noticeable observances of this character among that people, was the superstitious regard for one of the days of the week. I do not refer to the hallowing of the seventh day, after the manner of Hebrews and Christians; for though that often with us does degenerate into the merely Fetichistic, yet it is connected with

the idea of a personal god. I refer to the curious phenomenon of treating every seventh day as unlucky. It was a superstition universally prevalent, so far as I saw. It held sway even in the families of the chiefs. It pertained especially to beginning any new work, or setting out upon any important enterprise. As the Romans consulted their augurs before undertaking a battle or a journey, and acted accordingly, so these people consulted the calendar-makers, and would take great pains to avoid an important undertaking upon the ill-starred day. Only in one instance did I know of nuptials being celebrated on that day, and then it was evident that the barbarians generally looked for some terrible calamity to fall upon the devoted pair.

Another observance equally strange was the habit of treating the right as the lucky side. One of the natives, who had started out with me for an excursion, was inclined to turn back because some little quadruped had crossed our path from right to left; for a good omen, he should have run from left to right. The most marked and universally recognized omen of this nature, was that pertaining to the first appearance of the new moon. It was thought that for good luck it should be seen over the right shoulder. I used sometimes to question them for the reason of their faith, but I found they could give no better account of it than our Conservatives can for their ways. The custom had come from the sacred past, and was universally respected. In the case of one young man, however, I was successful in producing at first skepticism, and finally outspoken disbelief; but he confessed to me that he had been able to overcome all solicitude as to which side the new moon should make its appearance by feigning to himself that the left was his lucky side. He had got the twist out of his mind by bending it the other way.

This people believed in a Great Spirit; and their Fetichistic omens and observances they did not seem to regard as a part of their religion. But it is probable that their ancestors, at some remote time, had no other religion than Fetichism; and that these are its remains, concerning which there is not sufficient intelligence to perceive that the two forms of faith are inconsistent.

I have observed a similar discrepancy in the religion of the ancient Hebrews. While journeying through the wilderness, they were attacked by venomous serpents, from whose bite many of them died. As a remedy, their leader made a brazen image of the serpent, and put it upon a pole, in sight of the whole people; and, when any were bitten, they had only to look at the brazen image to be cured. (Num. 21: 6-8.) Several hundred years afterwards, one of their kings, undertaking a thorough reformation, destroyed, among other things,

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"the brazen serpent that Moses had made : for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it." (2 Kings, 18: 4.) Here is undisguised Fetichism. There is no intimation that the people looked upon the brazen serpent as the image of a God. This idolatry was not one into which the Hebrews had been seduced by their neighbours. They were burning incense to the brazen serpent that Moses had made. It was not a personal deity, but a potent charm ; and the fact of their keeping this serpent for scores of generations shows what magical efficacy they believed it possessed. I do not know where you will find a more pronounced case of Fetichism.

A trace of a yet more primitive Fetichism among the ancestors of the Hebrews is seen in the history of Jacob. Passing a night in the wilderness, he had a wonderful dream which he attributed to the stone upon which he had rested his head ; and, accordingly, he did homage to the stone. The Fetichism appears not only in the belief that his vision was due to a mysterious quality or influence in the stone, but in the selfish, conditional character of his vow, and in the consideration which the stone was to receive in case he should be successful in his enterprise. He promised that, if fortunate, he would regard the stone as a sacred one, as his house of God. There is reason to think that in after generations that very stone was resorted to, (or a stone which was believed to be identical with it,) and at this shrine oracles were sought.\* According to Jewish tradition, Jacob's pillar was always religiously treasured in the Holy of Holies.† We cannot overlook the fact that Bethels were common in Palestine among the ancient Canaanites. These sacred stones were set up after the manner of Jacob's pillar, and were worshipped by anointing with oil.‡

The Hebrews succeeded in extirpating image-worship ; but in freeing themselves from Fetichism, they were by no means so successful.

They universally believed in sacred charms. The most holy thing they possessed was the ark, or box, in which the law was deposited ; and this material thing they believed capable of working miracles. When they went out to battle they were wont to carry it with them into the field, that it might act as a spell against their enemies. Even thus the Philistines were sometimes victorious. On one occasion

\* Judg. xx: 18, 26, 31, and xxi: 2. Compare DeWette's with the authorized version.

† Smith's Bib. Dict. Art., Bethel.

‡ "It is not extravagant to suppose that the patriarch simply designated the stone as a Baetylion, and that later the town assumed the Hebraized name of Bethel." Kalisch, Comment. Gen. xxxviii.

they took the ark from the Israelites and carried it into the temple of their god Dagon ; and we are told that "on the morrow behold Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord ! And they took Dagon and set him in his place again. And when they rose early on the morrow morning, behold Dagon was fallen on his face to the ground, before the ark of the Lord, and the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off !"

We easily recognize Fetichism in the intelligent exertion of physical power by that which is inanimate. But ought we not to confess the same in the attribution of holiness to lifeless, material things ? This ark not only proved a great pest to the Philistines, its presence causing a most alarming epidemic in every city to which it was carried ; but it possessed such an inviolable sanctity that when it was returned to one of the Hebrew towns, above fifty thousand people were struck dead because out of curiosity some of them ventured to look into it ! At length David decided to take it to Jerusalem ; but the oxen stumbling, Uzzah put up his hand to steady the ark, and was struck dead on the spot, at which David was so filled with dread of the ark's holiness that he let it remain some time longer in the country.

Into the sacred Caaba of the Moslems is builded the yet more sacred stone which from time immemorial has been worshipped. To this temple devout Mohammedans are continually making pilgrimages. That there is something Fetichistic in the homage paid to a place and a thing is sufficiently evident to the unprejudiced. Once that sacred black stone which is supposed to be of meteoric origin, and so literally to have fallen from heaven, was undoubtedly worshipped as a Fetich. The old Fetichism has indeed been greatly modified, but who would say that it does not still exist ? Must not much the same judgment be passed upon the extreme veneration of the Jews for their holy and most holy places and things ?

The New Testament is not free from Fetichism. There was, at one time, such a furore attending the miracle-working of St. Peter, that, in Jerusalem, "they brought the sick on couches into the street, so that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." The New Testament does not positively say that any were cured by Peter's shadow falling upon them, but it seems to imply it. If Peter's shadow did not cure diseases, at all events Paul's garments did. "From his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs and aprons and the diseases departed from them." It is evident that the people at that time generally believed in such things ; for in the history of Jesus we read that a woman who was diseased "came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment. For she said within herself, if I

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may but touch his garment I shall be whole." Here, we must allow that Jesus took a different view of the matter; and it is the one which the reflective are inclined to take of all miracles of healing. He said: "Daughter, thy *faith* hath made thee whole." The gross ideas of this woman were not peculiar; for when Jesus was in the land of Gennesaret, the people of all the country round about "besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

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#### IS THE NEGRO NATURALIZED?\*

No discussion of this question would be complete that did not include the peculiarity of the freedmen's position in the country which now claims them as her citizens. Until this year they also, as well as every fresh cargo of German and Irish emigrants, have been foreigners in America. As the latter have descended the gangway of the packet, foreigners, so the negro stepped down from the auction-block, or was cast off from the whipping-post, a foreigner. They sung their songs in a strange land; they dropped their tears to nourish the products of an alien soil. They swarmed and hung, isolated, to a single branch of America, touching her only at the narrow point of the value of their physical condition. For all other purposes their life might have been passed in another planet, so bereft of all benefit to the republic was it, so utterly severed from republican help and comfort. Yet when we compare the behavior of these 'exiles' with that of all other races who have been foreign to America, what a sublime plea it makes to our consideration. Observe it for a moment: recall the temper of this suddenly enfranchised people.

For more than fifty years our various industries have acknowledged the impulse which the cultivation of a single crop bestowed. Each bale of cotton reported no drawback of misery as it passed into the circulation of the world, and yet, imbruted lives, without marriage, without education, without wages, without deliberate choice of anything on earth, gave those bales to civilization; lives, stained by forced licentiousness, torn by arbitrary separations, purposely kept on the level of the animal, and only fed that they might work, have yielded without complaint this annual income to the country. A free laborer may count even his tears and be proud to have them consecrate his lowliness; but the tears of all these absentees from a Republic were owned by masters who despised them as they fell. God counted them, but they did not become embittered into a cup of insurrection. When the slave wept, he recalled the pity of Jesus rather than the vengeance of the Lord; and not a single cotton blossom was crushed by his resentment. And when our bayonets penetrated where this lucrative pain lay covered

\* Continuation of the Article in the February No., entitled "Dangers of our Political Machinery,"

by darkness, the gleam of the steel woke no fierce hope of retaliation ; the blood of the slaves rebelled not, athirst for the blood of their master, but they simply came away, each with his little bundle, and said — “ You have been long in coming, but we expected you.” That was the God for which they prayed and waited. He came to them in the shape of sudden liberation, and yet the master is still alive, hoping that an era of good feeling will save a part of his oppressive ascendancy. Tell me, who behaves the most nobly, the men who were sold and whipped, or the men who hope we will reconstruct his selling and whipping, only in a less obnoxious form ? And when these liberated men, after running the gauntlet of our contempt and hesitation, were admitted to the privilege of seeing the American flag wave over them and droop towards the protection of their arms, they were so little used to taking wages that they forgave a Government for employing without paying them, and stormed entrenchments for us as gayly as though we had a pension for their wounded and a marble for their dead. Without a murmur, these representatives of an enforced alienship turned, in the dear name of America, to face the exasperation and brutality of their old oppressors, and at Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow were massacred upon half-pay, yet bequeathed to the survivors no indictment, no hatred against us. Do we say they are too dull to feel the great injustice ? A bayonet is sharp enough to find where the nerves run beneath that skin ; and they communicated with a brooding and a troubled mind ; but the flag, that once kept them animals, kept them patient men. The teacher visits this race with his alphabet, the agent with his labor-system ; the old master contemptuously hires him to raise food for a life that is unprofitable to America ; base officials cheat and plunder ; but everywhere, everywhere, the generous and the selfish are met by this magnificent courtesy, this patient religion of a slave-born heart. In this transition state of their fortunes, they suffer in many respects more hardly than when peace and plantation fare surrounded them ; but they hug their crucifix with smiles, for our flag envelops it. Have we such veneration for the symbol of our own freedom ? Perhaps we have ; but I can tell you who has not ; the man who would leave the master one chance to strip that flag from the freedman’s crucifix and wreath it with the planter’s lash again.

The negroes at Port-Royal have not been free four years ; but they have a Building Association, and the instinct to own land is strong there, though it may not be so in portions of the States removed from the sea-board. Sergeant Rivers, of Beaufort, is black enough to be despised by every man whose natural disability to become President is shown by his one *g* too much in spelling negro ; but the sergeant’s mind is clear, and he uttered one day in his peculiar dialect the theory of a true Republicanism. “ Ebery colored man,” said he, “ will be a slave and feel hisself, till dey can raise him own bale of cotton, and put him own mark on it, and say, Dis is mine ! ” God speaks that broken tongue. And is there any one whose public or private negligence would leave a chance, a loop-hole, a least risk, for the return of any form of dominion over the body and soul of such a

man — to put that heart up again in treason's raffles — to subject that opening intelligence to overseers — to leave him at the mercy of hostile politicians ? Whoever you are, willing to keep your own independence while you let such a thing be done, I declare that Sergeant Rivers is white compared with you, and is your natural master.

And we delight to have it understood, by the late vote of Congress upon the District Suffrage Bill, that American unity, when confronted by the choice, between the voting of all freedmen and the voting of none, says, All. We may prefer to extend a uniform test over the whole land, and invite consistent intelligence to support and defend the ideas which we cherish ; but we are less afraid of the ignorance of the freedman than we are of the treasonable temper of his would-be master ; and if the dilemma be forced upon the country to choose between the men who have been degraded and the slave-holders who inflicted the degradation, we point to the behavior which consecrated fifty years of suffering, and now welcomes the first year of deliverance, and we say, here is naturalization — here are souls attempered by America's best climate ; here are hearts made in her image. Let them take precedence of the men who have denaturalized themselves, and ousted their souls from republican advantages, and who now recur, with fatal proclivity, during every lull of the popular memory, to the habits and practices of an alien caste. Their slaves were not so remote from America as they themselves are this day. I will not compare this behavior of the Freedmen with that which any other race, admitted to the political advantages of this country, has displayed ; but I challenge comparison. Never did the temper of an humble and ignorant class of people promise such aggrandizement to a country. They deserve to be stimulated by the test of education. I say, they *deserve* to be limited by such a test, and saved from the dangers of an undiscriminating privilege. They have earned this consideration of a jealous Republic. Shall we vex the stream of the Sacramento till its drops consent to travel through our currency — shall eagles and half eagles throng through the Golden Gate, coaxed from mountain tunnels by the magic of incessant labor — shall American citizens be in a hurry to separate, by their very life-blood, the ore from the dross of Colorado, to turn the tribute into the commerce of the world, and shall we be reluctant to farm this revenue, to probe this mine, to re-mint this crude preciousness of the Freedmen's behavior ? We might as well peel off the tillable surface of our fields and cast it into the barren ocean. The country's future glory is involved in our assiduous preference of the Freedmen's to the traitor's temper. Lightened imposts, liquidated debts, consolidated liberties, lie unmined in the dark bosoms of that race, which has been suddenly annexed, like a fresh element, to America's sun and air. Let the people rise up, with a great impulse of anxiety, strong as the selfish one that sent her sons to California ; let there be a pressing opinion to colonize and claim this dusky domain that glitters with the virgin gold, and plant upon it the flag that protects from foreign interference, and warns off the aliens who want to own and to exhaust it. Its speedy contributions are due to the schools, the churches, the resources, the ballot-boxes of America.

J. W.

## COAL CIVILIZATION.

CHRISTMAS in England is the great era of pantomimes. Every theatre lays itself and a vast part of its income out in gorgeous and fascinating plays, which, transplanted from Italy, have only reached their full flower here in dismal London. The domain of Mother Goose and the realms of Faerie, are ransacked for the familiar threads upon which these splendors are to shine. "Tom, Tom the piper's son," plays on his pipe, till the thick walls of some shabby old room dance away, and palatial halls with diamond ornaments, and living fairies for pillars, and chandeliers shine out before the enraptured multitudes. The old lamp of Aladdin gradually expands into the Lamp of Day, with Apollo and his fiery steeds. At one of these pantomimes, the first scene was that of Old King Coal and his slaves. These slaves were boys and girls dressed and masked as dwarfs, ghouls, demons. I could not help thinking of the poor colliers of the North of England, and fearing that this mask with its grotesque sprites, might be too truly measuring the stature of their souls. And lately I have had the scene recalled by two newspaper articles which I have read. The first was an article in the London *Times*. In criticizing the efforts of John Bright and others at reforming England, this editorial said: "There is in English Society the conservatism of a thousand years, which has gradually accumulated, just as the heat of distant ages has been stored up in our coal-fields. The national equilibrium is so stable that a movement, almost revolutionary in its character, would only be followed by a slight temporary rocking, sure to be followed by the re-establishment of the old equilibrium." The second is an article upon which I mean to dwell longer; it appeared a few days ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is entitled "Coal." This article sets out with the idea that the greatness of England and Coal are convertible facts.

"We are all of us," says this writer, "vaguely aware that coal is an article of vast importance to our individual comfort and our national wealth; but few of us, probably, have realized in any adequate measure how completely it lies at the root of the social welfare, the commercial prosperity, the vivid life, and the political supremacy of Great Britain. It is not too much to say that, more than any other agency, it is the cheapness and abundance of our coal that have made us, as a nation, what we are. If we were not ahead of all other countries in these respects, we should not be ahead of them in other respects to anything like the extent we are. If we do not keep ahead of them in these respects, we shall not keep ahead of them in others — materially, at least; and none but statesmen can estimate aright the degree in which social and political depend upon material supremacy."

It is long since wood was a principal article of fuel in England. It can never become so again till England has undergone a social revolution which would almost imply its erasure from the list of States — till half its population shall have dwindled away, and till pastures and corn-fields shall have been replaced by forests. Now and henceforth we must rely upon our coal measures for heat, light, locomotion, manufactures, for our engineering grandeur, for our national defences. Almost all the elements of our comfort, of our affluence, of our activity, of our strength, can be traced back to coal. We light our streets and we warm our houses with coal:

this every one knows, but this is the least portion of what coal does for us. We supply our towns with water that is raised by steam-engines which are worked by coal, and we are now about to pump away our drainage by engines also. All our railroads are worked by coal; that is one of the main ingredients in their cost; if coal ceased to be, we could not travel by rail at all; if coal ceased to be cheap and abundant, we could neither travel so fast, nor so often, nor so conveniently, nor so economically. All our manufactures depend on coal; four-fifths at least of our great factories are worked by steam; water power is scanty in amount in comparison, and often lies in comparatively inaccessible localities. Lancashire and Yorkshire and Lanarkshire live by coal; their population is fed by it; the wealth they gain by supplying the wants of the world depends in the last resort, and depends absolutely, on their coal-fields; were their coal supply to cease, or to become inaccessible and very costly, the collapse would be more disastrous than any the world has yet seen."

The writer then goes more into detail to show how machinery, iron-foundries, Armstrong guns, the iron trade, steam ships, gas, manufactures all depend upon not only coal, but its abundance and cheapness, and concludes the first part of the article with these words:—" *We live by coal;* and we have got to such a pass that we cannot live without it. With coal England is powerful, prosperous, and progressive; without it she will be decadent, ruined, and disarmed."

And here I must introduce an episode; it is from another article in the same journal, and, curiously enough, in the column adjoining that which contains the essay on coal. It runs thus:

We are the richest people in the world, and we grow richer every day. The revenue returns for the last quarter are eminently satisfactory. Mr. Gladstone is at once like and unlike the old Jewish false prophets who prophesied only smooth things; for though he prophesies what is smooth, things generally turn out even more smooth than his vaticinations promise. He took off five millions of taxation by his last budget, expecting that the increased consumption of the untaxed articles would restore a million and a quarter to the revenue. At this rate, during the last nine months the actual revenue would have been diminished by rather more than £2,800,000. But such has been our commercial prosperity that the revenue has lost only about £1,100,000 during these prosperous months. During the last quarter the recovery of the actual returns has been even still more striking. The increase in the consumption of tea has been very great. In 1864 we consumed above eighty-one million pounds, in 1865 above ninety-one millions. What a picture of wealth have we here! What gigantic products of the loom, the mine, and the forge! What vast fortunes reaped by merchants, manufacturers, and ship owners! What an amount of wages paid to mechanics and all sorts of employees! Who can wonder at the splendours of Rotten Row, at the crowds that crush in the ante-chambers at a Royal levee or drawing-room, at the superb schemes of Lord Westminster for adding fresh splendours to his territory in Belgravia! Happy are the people the sum total of whose wealth is so immense.

Let us turn to the other side of the medal. On the day that these glowing statistics were published, a London incumbent published the story of one of his parishioners, which may be summed up in a very few words. Seven human beings, the husband, his sick wife, their eldest daughter, (too ill to earn her bread), and four little children, had been living for six whole weeks in one room, eight feet by ten in dimensions, without either bed or bedclothes of any description. Their furniture had been seized for arrears

of rent, which they could not pay, being obliged to find weekly instalments for discharging a debt for the funeral expenses of the husband's mother, who had died in the beginning of the year. This old woman had subscribed to three burial clubs, in order to pay for her own funeral, but they had all become bankrupt before she died. Set this story against the revenue returns of 1865, and draw the moral. Ninety million pounds of tea, on the one hand, consumed by those who could pay for it; six weeks of half-starvation passed through by seven people, without a particle of bed or bedding, in a room about nine feet square. Yet it was only at the end of six weeks that they made application to Mr. Martin, the clergyman who tells the tale. And this is only one case out of thousands.

None can live even a few years without echoing the word "thousands," with a mixture of surprise at the moderation of the expression. But what of the millions of starving intellects and destitute hearts? I once heard Carlyle say of a gifted woman, "She talked of progress—progress—to tediousness; it's doubtful if there is any such thing." Thought I to myself; skepticism is an Englishman as verily as steam (according to Emerson) is. And why should not every Englishman be so, with the ever-recurring dreary statistics of evil and sorrow? Even old forms linger. At this moment the English Board of trade is engaged ferreting out at Whitburn wreckers who have lately been trying to lure ships to destruction, for purposes of spoliation, by imitating a revolving light. An effort at burking occurred a few evenings ago. Charlotte Winsor is now under sentence of death for keeping a gular-house for putting embarrassing babies "out of the way." The murderer Forward, executed day before yesterday, justified the murder of his children by the example of Abraham and Isaac as recorded in the Book which Coal-Conservatism still presents to the potential Forwards as the infallible Word of God.

Into that swart, dark realm of King Coal, in the pantomime I have described, there started up among the dwarfs and demons toiling there a fair Sprite called "Imagination" who promised them that they should all, at the forthcoming Christmas Time, be raised to the upper air and light. Whereat King Coal growled, and the dwarfs were much delighted, as they showed in a grand ballet. Into the article on 'coal,' to which I now recur, there also steps a similar sprite whom King Coal and his great and rich civilization are scarcely pleased to see. Reminding the reader that the writer has just proved the absolute dependence of England on coal, I quote further: —

Such being the plain unexaggerated truth, the question of our supply of coal becomes a question obviously of life or death. Now the geological survey of the kingdom is so complete, and the main principles and facts of geological science are so well ascertained, that we can answer this question with tolerable confidence. In Ireland there is no coal, or none worth naming. In Great Britain, we know with at least approximate accuracy—with accuracy enough for practical purposes—both the area of our coal-fields, the area to which they reach, and the average width of the seams. In a word we can calculate their yield; and as coal is not a thing which grows, we know pretty closely the amount of wealth which is hid in our underground coffers, and how long it will last us at our present and at our probable rate of consumption. We can only find space to give our readers

the bare facts of the case, as they are recorded and clearly made out in Mr. Jevons' very interesting work, lately published by Messrs. Macmillan and Company. The entire amount of available coal in Great Britain down to a depth of 4,000 feet below the surface is, in round numbers 80,000 millions of tons. The annual consumption was, in 1860, 80 millions of tons. If that rate of consumption were maintained, therefore, our coal would last for 1,000 years. But our *present* rate will, we are certain, be enormously surpassed. The total consumption of the last ten years is half that of the previous 70 years, and is now increasing on the average three and a half per cent. per annum, and will therefore be doubled in 20 years. In a word, if we go on, not at our present rate of *consumption*, but at our present rate of *increase* — as, unless some check comes to our prosperity, we shall be pretty sure to do — the whole coal supply of the kingdom will be used up in 100 years."

But even this, adds the writer, "is on the supposition that we shall be able to work our mines to the depth of 4,000 feet. This may be possible, but all we know is, that hitherto we have worked no coal mine below 2,500 feet deep; and at that depth the heat becomes nearly insupportable; that as we advance into the bowels of the earth the cost and labor of ventilation, of pumping out the water, and of raising the coal, increase at such a rapid ratio that, in all probability, long before the limit of 4,000 feet is reached, though *actual* working of the mines would be possible, profitable working of them would not; and in consequence that in taking the total available supply in Great Britain at 80,000,000,000 tons, we have taken practically a very excessive estimate; and that, therefore, if our consumption were to proceed at its present rate of annual augmentation, our mines would be worked out, not in 100 years, but in 70." The writer does not contemplate that this theoretical exhaustion will actually occur, but that coal in England will gradually cost so much, that its consumption will decrease, and he says, "it is precisely this increasing cost which we have to dread; for it is the *cheapness* of our coal that has given us our supremacy. The coal of America is far more abundant than our own, and much of it is of better quality, and might be more easily worked; and as ours becomes expensive it will be worked. The coal-fields of Great Britain extend over an area of 5,400 square miles; those of the United States over an area of 200,000. These are the facts — in the main indisputable — which the public has now to digest."

In the pantomime to which I have referred, the powerful fairy — "Imagination" — was true to her word. She brought into her service an array of supernal agents, and the Christmas glories of transformation came on. The dull swart den of King Coal rolled away before vast dazzling floods of light; stately silver palm-trees uprose and flowered into a blue-tinted canopy with golden stars; the gods and goddesses stood each in his or her niche; the toiling dwarfs and ghouls of the subterranean realm were laughing happy children of light. All the work of art, assisted by electric light! The crowd in the boxes, of children and parents — the working people in the pit — the sixpenny "gods" in the galleries, shouted — nay shrieked with delight; one by one the artists must come before the scene to receive their merited plaudits, then the machinist, the scene painter, the

scene-shifter, some in their shirt-sleeves, were all called in and overwhelmed with applause. Sometimes when I see John Bright tugging away, the fine political coat thrown off, at the larger theatre, or Mill, Hughes, Taylor, Foster, Fawcett, and many another honest fellow laboring behind old King Coal's realm, with its accumulated "conservatism of a thousand years;" and when I see Colenso, Stanley, Lewes, Spencer, Huxley, Lyell, and others, pushing and pulling at other parts; — I reflect with complacency that if seventy years may perhaps exhaust the coal-fields of England, possibly there may be with it exhausted that stolid stationary selfishness, which the London *Times* calls conservatism, and compares to the heat laid up in the coal-beds; and if so, may there not be a grand transformation-scene for the toilers and their dwellings, and the country which now too often presents to them the alternatives of starvation or crime!

When Stephenson saw the first railway-train gliding over the land, he said, in ecstasy, "it is drawn by sunlight!" He saw well. Behind the coal was the sunlight; and in that present burning sunlight every ton of coal must be burned before it can be set to working at iron or anything else. And behind the "accumulated conservatism of a thousand years" there was the sunlight of thought: that sunlight lives in the living fibres of England's true thinkers to-day, and in them the biggest lumps of coal-conservatism may yet be turned into the heat that shall quicken England for her Christmas morn, with its holy transformations.

M. D. C.

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## E N L I G H T E N M E N T S.

BY JAIRUS.

**TWO THINGS OFTEN FORGOTTEN.** — The world — or the majority of mankind has often been incredulous concerning what has afterwards been seen to be the plainest common sense. In the interests of a wiser action in such respect, I would commend to all well-disposed persons the following bit of sense from the pen of the late Archbishop Whately: — "Those who constantly appeal to the wisdom of their ancestors as a sufficient reason for perpetuating everything these have established, forget two things: first, that they cannot hope forever to persuade all successive generations of men that there was once one generation of men of such infallible wisdom as to be entitled to control all their descendants forever; which is to make the earth, in fact, not the possession of the living, but of the dead; and secondly, that even supposing our ancestors gifted with such infallibility, many cases must arise in which it may be reasonably doubted whether they themselves would not have advocated, if living, changes called for by altered circumstances."

**LADY DUFF GORDON WITH THE MUSLIMS.** — The *Letters from Egypt*, which were sent by Lady Duff Gordon to her mother and her husband, and afterwards published in a book, I have not at the present writing been able

to see. But by a notice given them in the *Westminster Review*, I have to express my great delight both in contemplating the character<sup>of</sup> of the Muslims and in regarding the character of the lady herself. What could be finer than this spontaneous greeting by a "host of people" gathered to meet her on one occasion when she returned from Esneh to Luxor: "Welcome home to your place! We have tasted your absence and found it bitter!" The simple eloquence of this address — revealing so much of real, natural goodness in both parties, which alone could have made such expressions on such an occasion *possible* — cannot be surpassed. How could they have offered her in any way a more grateful compliment? "Welcome home to your place!" And they were Muslims and she a Christian Englishwoman. But what of that? Everywhere on her journey she found brothers and sisters. *None were strangers or hostile.*

The *Review* says of Lady Gordon: "She differs in one important respect from the generality of modern travellers. She does not, like them, look upon the people as mere accessions to a strange Eastern scene — like a man or a woman barely visible in the foreground of one of Martin's magnificent pictures — and having as little to do with our thoughts, feelings, ideas, as the Sphinx, the pyramids, or the Nile. On the contrary, she regards them as men and women, of like passions as ourselves, with customs and habits moulded and modified — as are the customs and habits of all nations — by the imperious conditions of climate, soil, and government." For this reason Lady Gordon found herself at *home* in the strange land of the Muslims, and learned greatly to respect and love a much abused people. She was able to enter with sympathy into all that interested them, and thus to discover how, under different forms and manners, there can be expressed those pure thoughts and feelings which dwell in the minds and hearts of human beings the wide world over. "Omar confided to me," she writes, "how bad he felt to be questioned, and then to see the Englishman laugh or put up his lip and say nothing." I don't want to talk about his religion at all, but if he talks about mine, he ought to speak of his own too. You, my lady, say when I tell you things, "that is the same with us," or that is different, or good, or not good in your mind; and that is the proper way, not to look like thinking — *all nonsense.*"

I shall let the following paragraphs tell their own story.

#### ARAB CHIVALRY.

"I asked of Hasan, (father of my donkey driver)" says Lady Gordon, "if Abd-el-Kadir were coming here, as I had heard; he did not know, and asked me if he were not 'Akhu-l-Benat,' (a brother of girls)? I prosaically said I did not know if he had sisters. 'The Arabs; O Lady! call that man a 'brother of girls,' to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters, and strength and courage to fight for their protection.'"

#### ARAB MANNERS.

"I heard a curious illustration of Arab manners to-day. I met Hasan, the janissary of the American Consulate, a very respectable good man. He told me he had married another wife since last year. I asked, What for?"

"It was the widow of his brother, who had always lived in the same house with him, like one family, and who died leaving two boys. She is neither young nor handsome, but he considered it was his duty to provide for her and her children, and not to let her marry a stranger. So you see that polygamy is not always sensual indulgence ; and a man may thus practice greater sacrifice than by talking sentiment about deceased wives' sisters. I said, laughing, to Omar, as we went on, that I do not think the two wives sounded very comfortable. 'Oh, no ! not comfortable at all for the man, but he take care of the woman ; that is what is proper. That is good Muslim.'"

## DELICATE RULES OF ETIQUETTE.

"It is almost impossible," says the *Review*, "for us English folk thoroughly to understand the delicate rules of etiquette which govern the relations of sexes in the East. For instance, it is quite shocking for a married woman to speak of her 'husband.' She must talk of him as the 'master,' 'my lord,' or 'father of my son.' On the other hand, a man never mentions his wife to another man ; but there is no impropriety in his discussing the most sacred and secret subjects of conjugal life with a woman. As her faithful servant Omar expressed it : 'Of course, I do not speak of my harem to English gentlemen ; but to good lady can speak it.'"

A RADICAL SERMON : *By the Sheikh Yoosuf among the graves of Luxor.*

"Yoosuf pointed to the graves — 'Where are all those people ?' and to the ancient temples, 'Where are those who built them ? Do not strangers from a far country take away their very corpses to wonder at ? What did their splendor avail them ? etc. etc. What, then, O Muslims, will avail that you may be happy when that comes which will come for all ? Truly God is just and will defraud no man, and he will reward you if you do what is right, and that is to wrong no man, neither in his person, nor in his family, nor in his possessions. Cease then to cheat one another, O men ! and to be greedy ; and do not think that you can make amends by afterwards giving alms, or praying or fasting, or giving gifts to the servants of the mosques. Benefits come from God ; it is enough for you if you do not do injury to any man, and, above all, to any woman or little one !'"

CIVILIZATION BY OPPRESSION.—"—— is my neighbor, and he comes in and we discuss the government. His heart is sore with disinterested grief for the sufferings of the people. 'Don't they deserve to be decently governed — to be allowed a little happiness and prosperity ? they are so docile; so contented ; are they not a good people ?' These were his words as he was recounting some new iniquity. Of course, half these acts are done under the pretext of improving and civilizing, and the Europeans applaud and say, 'Oh, but nothing could be done without freed labor,' and the poor Fellaheen are marched off in gangs like convicts, and their families starve, and (who would have thought it ?) the population keeps diminishing. No wonder the cry is, 'Let the English Queen come and take us.' You know I don't see these things quite as our countrymen generally do, for mine is

another *Standpunkt*, and my heart is with the Arabs, I care less about opening up the trade with the Soodan, or about all the new *Railways*, and I should like to see person and property safe, which no one's is here, — Europeans of course excepted."

**RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.** — I have received the following lines from a friend. As an expression of righteous indignation (begging pardon in advance of all tailors in all parts of our re-constructing country, for whom I have entire respect, and would not for a moment class with them a man who got, by virtue of an assassination, his opportunity for mischief,) I endorse them and offer them, for an enlightenment, to the one person who at this time could serve his country best, by quickly heeding the advice they profier.

#### TAILORING.

Poor Crackers' breeches down in Tennessee  
 Might well by Andy reconstructed be ;  
 His patch could run against or with the grain,  
 Be cloth or shoddy — hold or rip again.  
 No rotten bunting Freedom's flag can mend,  
 The piece must match, the fabric must not rend,  
 The stain must be effaced, the colors fast,  
 To flap those stars again athwart the mast.  
 There's not a ragged slave he can redress :  
*He cobble Freedom ! Ninth of manliness !*  
 The sceptre drop, the goose resume, and flee  
 Where breeches wait, but let the banner be.

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#### PER TRIBULATIONES PERFECTUM.

O WEARY flesh and soul, what profit thee  
 Thy toil by day, long vigils of the night?  
 Lo ! the hard battle for the Truth and Right  
 Pays only wounds for promised victory.  
 Such voice from out my worn and fainting heart :  
 And the Lord's Angel answered — Nay : but ill  
 Thou dost interpret God's omniscient will.  
 These but the sigas wherewith He owns thy part  
 Among His saints the cross, the hemlock-cup,  
 Alone the Anointed bear, that Truth may know  
 Her suffering is her triumph : suffering so,  
 Thy wounds are victory, thy toil is rest.  
 Shamed, my listless hands their strength took up :  
 I said — Yea, flesh and soul, not weary thou, not blest.

GEORGE HOWISON.

## THE TRYSTING PLACE.

*Canst thou by searching find out God?*

A FRIEND have I, true lover of my soul,  
Whose lightest word to me is dearer far  
Than any treasure which the dark earth holds,  
Or any beauty of the morning star.

When day is on my heart he enters in  
And crowns it with the brightness of his grace ;  
But more I joy when night envelopes me,  
To feel his presence though I miss his face.

But there are times when foolish love of self  
So girdles me as with a wall of flame,  
That should he seek me he would find me not,  
Nor answer get if he should call my name.

And other times when open to his feet  
The doors of my poor house as quickly swing  
As if I were a peasant, and the friend  
For whom I waited had been born a king.

Thus coming once when I was at my best,  
He said, "My friend, I would not have thee roam ;  
Dost long to see me? Go about thy work,  
And I will come and visit thee at home."

And I in love with all his noble ways,  
Feeling that he in nothing could do wrong,  
Assented, saying, "Even so I will ;  
But quickly come, and make thy visit long,

"That I may speak with thee of hidden things,  
Tell thee alike of all my joy and pain,  
And feel thy freshness all my spirit through,  
As summer's roses feel the summer rain."

And then we parted ; but another day  
Had not passed over me before the crowd  
Began to laugh at me and call me fool,  
With here and there a voice that cried aloud,

"Come seek with us for him who is your friend."

And I was weak enough to them obey,  
And follow them, despite my better thought,  
For many a night and many a weary day.

We found him not, though ever and anon  
His name we read in books that were of Old,  
Which said that once his presence had been sweet,  
That he would come and tenderly enfold

To his warm heart some man of humble birth,  
And talk with him in language just as mild  
As that which any mother might repeat  
Above the cradle of her little child.

And then I said, "This glory must be mine;  
With less than this I cannot be content;"  
So left the crowd to seek him as they would,  
And to my home with eager feet I went.

And what to find? My friend awaiting me,  
Here in his place as he had been before;  
And down I sank as if it ought to be  
That he my friend would be my friend no more.

But he, as if, no beggar for his grace,  
I came of right into his presence fair,  
Lifted me up and from my speechless face  
Put back the masses of my tangled hair,

And kissed me once and kissed me twice again,  
And said, "Not greater is thy need of me,  
Than is my need, although it seemeth not,  
Of living and communing still with thee."

My words are false, my thoughts are very true:  
My friend was God, and ever by his grace,  
Although by searching I can find him not,  
My soul doth serve us for a trysting place.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular monthly meeting of the Boston Social Science Association was held on Thursday evening, 8th inst., in the Warren Street Chapel, the president, George B. Emerson, Esq., in the chair.

After the reading of the records, Dr. Edward Jarves, of Dorchester, read a paper on the connection between cooking and health, and what a cook book should be. Dr. Jarves began by speaking of the necessity imposed upon all animals, of renewing by food the waste of flesh, muscle, brain and bone constantly going on in their systems. He then in a very interesting manner described the process by which food is digested in the stomach, aerated in the lungs, purified in the heart, and then driven by that organ to perform its functions as blood in all parts of the body, and supply the constant waste.

The responsibility of purveyors and cooks in providing and preparing food was next considered. The measure of man's life, the speaker said, depended in a great degree upon the selection and preparation of his food; so that not only the strength of his limbs, but the vigor of his brain, and even his emotions, were affected by his eating. A large number of the cook books now published seemed calculated to pamper the appetite and incite a love of good eating, rather than to promote healthy cookery. The field of housekeeping afforded a wider scope for the exercise of ingenuity than most of the avocations of men.

A discussion upon the training of cooks succeeded Dr. Jarves's essay. Judge Wright asked Dr. Jarves for a more explicit statement of his opinion in regard to the influence of food upon the mental faculties, remarking that if food was at one end of the equation and intellect at the other, then a wide field of thought was opened.

Dr. Jarves replied that he meant to convey the idea that improper nutriment furnished poor material for cerebral substance — and therefore, if the brain was, as is commonly supposed, the organ of thought, it could not perform its functions clearly and vigorously when the stomach, instead of being the seat of strength, becomes the source of weakness. He would not say that food was mind; but he would say that it affected the organ through which the mind acts; and if the gentleman who had questioned him had observed the influence of food upon dyspeptics and insane persons with as much care as he had, he could have answered his own question.

Several other speakers gave their opinion upon the methods of mental action, when Dr. Dio Lewis objected to the psychological turn which the discussion had taken, and desired that the practical subject of a cooking school should be taken up. Being called upon to give his own views, Dr. Lewis urged the immediate establishment of a training school for cooks, and reiterated his conviction that great relief could be immediately gained by housekeepers paying more remunerative wages and thereby securing more intelligent cooks.

The discussion was continued for some time longer, a general desire appearing to prevail for the immediate trial of an experimental training school. — *Boston Advertiser.*

## BOOK NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF RATIONALISM IN EUROPE. By W. E. H. LECKY, M. A. In two volumes. New York : D. Appleton & Co., 1866.

If the reader of these brilliant and learned volumes bears in mind the limitations to which the author subjected his own research, there is hardly a page that will not furnish satisfactory matter, either in fruitful suggestion or curious information. The author's object, as stated in his Introduction, was not to trace any class of definite doctrines or criticisms, "but rather a certain cast of thought, or bias of reasoning, which has, during the last three centuries, gained a marked ascendancy in Europe." So that although there are several excellent developments of the rise and fall of doctrines, the reader will not principally expect them, nor be disappointed when as, for instance, in the absence of all details concerning modern German schools of thought and criticism, he fails to find them. The book performs very thoroughly the office of tracing the gradual civilization of human moods of reflection and feeling ; rare books that have been forgotten, and obscure episodes of the history of thought, are brought to light, and analyzed with great distinctness ; some of the portraits of public men and scholars of past ages, touches of persons, as of Savonarola, I, p. 260, are well done. A clear and intelligent purpose reigns throughout. The author has travelled through all the libraries of Europe, has haunted all the book-stalls on Paris Quais, and the auctions at Rome ; and even in books that are already well known to the world of scholars, as Bodin's and Bayle's, he finds new appositeness to the times in which they were written as well as to the history of opinions.

The air of impartiality that is spread over every page, and the moderation of the writer's statements, do not conceal his bias in politics and theology. It is both republican and liberal. It is very seldom that he undertakes to qualify or to resist the logical direction of the principles which he derives from his careful study of the growth of Rationalism. One attempt of this kind results, as might be expected, in a contradiction of the broader and sounder view. Compare, for instance, I, 313, where he claims some originality for the moral element in Christianity, and refuses to find it in any previous epoch of the mind, with II, 378, 379, where he emphasizes an opinion that is more historically correct. He is sometimes confused in the use of the term Christianity ; it may mean upon one page the pure moral ideal, and upon another the development of dogmas. And upon p. 311, he attributes to Religion marks of the decay which has affected Theology, and says that in all other cases except Christianity, "the decay of dogmatic conceptions is tantamount to a complete annihilation of religion." Yet the two volumes teem with the implication that Religion, as it underlies all dogmas, survives in every age their dissolution.

Of minor errors, we notice that he fails to give upon p. 220, vol. 1, the true reason why sect of Gnostics called Ophites, worshipped the serpent. It was not because the serpent was the general emblem of healing in the ancient symbolism, but for the reason that Genesis represents that

reptile as introducing mankind to the true Gnosis, or knowledge of good and evil. It was therefore to be venerated rather than despised.

We object to a vagueness in the author's use of his favorite phrase, "the progress of civilization." It is with him a force that accounts for everything, brings all ameliorations to pass, and supersedes the necessity for books and arguments. See this criticism justified on pages 196, 335, vol. I. The author takes great pains to make us acquainted with an old province of speculation; he ransacks the books and pamphlets, he gives a lively presentation of the contest of thoughts with dogmas, and of moral feeling with theological preconceptions. Yet he generally winds up with affirming that as no man was ever converted by an argument, so the world has not improved in consequence of the printed and spoken appeals of its foremost minds. These have been nothing but the straws upon a mighty current that was running before they dropped into it, and that receives no increase of momentum, no rectitude of direction, as they impinge upon it. No book, no reasoning, no access of intelligence, avails. But civilization was the cause of all. It is pertinent to demand of the author to explain the cause of civilization. In his hands it is exhibited as a pantheistic force, and his curious labor in tracing the mental protests of an enlightened minority in every age against the overwhelming drift of the age's partial intelligence, is either superfluous, or, what is worse, confirmatory evidence that the drift or force was with ignorance and not with civilization. The author seems to dread to accord a radical influence to the very books and men whom he admires, to the very defeats and martyrdoms which win his reverence, to the very arguments whose invincible persuasion he extols. Like Buckle, he appears to be eager to refer all progress to an indefinite, ameliorating, remoulding power of an abstractly growing intelligence, to a gradual disappearance of ignorance, to the slow refining of manners, to new inventions, customs, tools, social expedients, to the preponderance of common sense. But what has fed this process and built up this common sense? Every clear and righteous book, every protesting thought in speech and action, every movement of every minority, every temporary defeat and arrest of the superior reflection. A method of judgment, based upon the intuitive sense of right, that rejects or throws into the background every doctrine, no matter how authoritative, if it lacks the authority of reason, was once very rare, and is now very common. The fact cannot be accounted for by the indefinite remark that these right opinions are "entirely due to the increased diffusion of a rationalistic spirit, and not at all to any active propaganda or to any definite arguments." As well might we say that a victory has been won, not by superior generalship and by the direct application of the science and instruments of war, but by the tendency of one party to be defeated by the other. The "progress of civilization" is a Force, indeed; and Mr. Lecky, notwithstanding the nervous disclaimers of his general phrases, shows us, as few men have yet shown, with such scholarship, such liberality and moral boldness, such a clear and simple method, what are the elements which nourish this Force, concentrate it and apply it to appropriate tasks? When the historian of opinion has amassed all his particulars,

he need not summon a phrase to reabsorb them, in dread of their separation from the movement and influx of the Infinite Mind. They are all the more distinct, personal and providential because they are responsible to the Force of forces, which makes through them its creating and regenerating gestures.

Let us keep a sharp eye upon our phrases and definitions. The naturalist assumes his "vital force," and is no nearer to the secret. "Phlogiston" helps the chemist as much as "Civilization" does the historian. It is better to collect the facts, with such painstaking and scholarly attainment as Mr. Lecky shows, and let them tell their own story; they will never be able to suggest a true Philosophy so long as the mind is pre-occupied by the glib and cheap phrases that drop from hurried pens.

But we do not mean to imply that Mr. Lecky's pen has moved hurriedly through the stages of his great journey. Seldom have so many subjects of importance, that can hardly receive in two moderate volumes much more than mention and a sparing analysis, been touched so faithfully. His style is entirely devoted to statement and explanation; if the page expands, the rhetoric is strictly subordinated to the subject. The reader has left a period or a controversy before he has had time to appreciate how well it was digested by the author. This is especially the case with the chapter "Upon the Secularization of Politics," and it is in this that Mr. Lecky gives credit distinctly to prominent books and discussions for creating an influence; he concedes that they were constituent elements of the progress of civilization. Here, too, occurs one among his numerous fine statements of a truth or an aspect of opinion. We refer to his graceful illustration of the surprise and delight of the human judgment, during the restoration of letters, when it was confronted with the unveiled master-pieces of antiquity; he makes us understand what part they played in separating theology from politics, and in nourishing the idea of liberty. (ii. 195.) It was, perhaps, the most difficult portion of his task to write this chapter, yet it is, evidently, his favorite theme, upon which he has expended great research and considerable enthusiasm. The subject of Witchcraft is much more easy to handle; the phenomena are more dramatic and nearer to the surface, and the authorities have generally been looked up before. But the chapter that recites the development of patriotism and democracy is handled in a way to make it a new subject.

Quite equal to this in interest is the chapter upon the "Industrial History of Rationalism," where the author traces the development of labor and commerce, the changes of opinion relating to Usury, to international trade, to Political Economy; the decline of Slavery, the revival of the Theatre, and the secularization of Music, and the modern tendency toward the doctrine of Utility in life and of Materialism in speculation. But in closing this chapter, together with his task, Mr. Lecky complains that the spirit of Rationalism has brought in, with all its splendid benefits, a marked decline in self-sacrifice and the appreciation of the religious aspect of human nature. We cannot concede this. Self-sacrificing men now devote themselves to the life-long wasting of a moral cause or a Christian charity, instead of to the fleeting anguish of the stake. They pass through years of opprobrium

and contempt for the sake of religion, instead of through one fiery moment for the sake of theology. They brave the mobs of respectability and standing, and receive the brand of hate upon the quivering heart, for the sake of the little ones whom policy oppresses. Their bodies are not tortured, but their sensibilities, their longing to be loved and esteemed, to share the common sympathy, are racked. The mental repose in which a gifted nature succeeds to its finest mastery of every tool and impulse, is torn apart by the wild horses of the public passion, spite, fear, avarice and self-reproach, which pull at the four corners of the just man's house, to hide in its ruins the beautiful ideal that so accuses and enrages. The stake and the torture-chamber, where erroneous opinions were plucked away piece-meal to glut the animosity of theologians, were merciful compared with the democratic fangs that fasten upon the body of religion, forever tearing what has the fatal power to be forever repaired. If Mr. Lecky had lived in passionate America during the last thirty years instead of the England that, even when it hates and ostracises, seldom transgresses the limits of respectability, and ignores rather than persecutes the saints of Truth, his closing sentences would breathe a keener and more invigorating air, suffused, as they would have been, with the unspoken names and memories of many martyrs.

Therefore we declare that the crowning benefit of the development of the spirit of Rationalism is that it releases all the moral and spiritual ideals from the captivity of theology, and lets loose their penetrating fascinations, unveiled, to dazzle and subdue all noble souls. Mr. Lecky finds Materialism in Schopenhauer and Buchner; he might have added many other names of more scientific and instructed men, but he would not thereby confirm his inference that the emancipation of the human Reason conducts mankind to depreciation of religious truths and to denial of their immortality. He might as well infer from the delusions of Millerism, Mormonism, Spirit-rapping, and the like, that a liberated Reason fosters more errors than it extinguishes. He writes on this point like a man who knows altogether too much about a decaying social system, whose public policy is nothing but doggedness and inertia — a bureaucratic temper that breeds its opposite of fickle and ill-considered opinion, and calls out of the popular mind petty denials of great truths, or spasmodic affirmations of them, instead of a broad, genial and irresistible regard. Such is European and English society. The advance of Rationalism to a more thorough and unsparing dissipation of the fogs that cling around the outlines of Religion, will regenerate these countries by giving them over eventually to the popular heart, which has preserved, through all the disappointments and reverses of a thousand years, the moral thoughts and tendencies of the Creator.

J. W.

**VESTIGES OF THE SPIRIT-HISTORY OF MAN.** By S. F. DUNLAP. Member of the American Oriental Society, New Haven. D. Appleton & Co. New York : 1858.

**SOD, THE MYSTERIES OF ADONI.** By S. F. DUNLAP. London : 1861.

**SOD, THE SON OF THE MAN.** By S. F. DUNLAP. London : 1861.

We do not know whether these volumes have ever been noticed in any

American periodical: but they are of such a character that, we venture to say, if any of the leading and fashionable magazines undertook to bring them to the attention of readers, brevity would be consulted.

We will consult brevity, however, merely for want of room. And we have to affirm that these volumes are very rich in suggestive matter for the scholar and thinker. Mr. Dunlap has brought together a great mass of allusions, quotations and references, to illustrate his theory that all the religions of the world have been gradually developed, one out of the other, and that a few simple ideas have struggled, from the beginning of human feeling and reflection, to become embodied in worship and practice. He has read a vast number of books in different languages, and has amassed citations from them to show what the Orientals, the classical nations, and the savages of almost every tribe and race, have believed on the subject of Spirits, Gods, the Invisible world, the elements of Nature. Sun-worship, Fire-worship, the Cosmogonies of India, Persia, Greece, Syria, the different theories of the divine nature, all meet upon the profusely annotated pages of his volumes. He brings to light obscure passages from books that have been little read, and places them side by side with well-known texts from different portions of the Bible, to show the analogies between the human thinking that has been widely separated in time and place. Indeed his volumes are hardly more than elaborate parallelism of passages from all quarters.

Mr. Dunlap has not sufficiently worked out his own conjectures. His theory of development is lost in the wonderful results of his scholarship and acquaintance with authorities. As books of reference, these volumes are invaluable to a person who is well-disposed towards a rational and scientific theory of Religion, and who wishes to use the parallelism which Mr. Dunlap has tried to construct. But it must be used with caution: for the author sometimes is carried away by a mere verbal resemblance, as in some of the cases where he matches texts from the New Testament with old classical hints of the Mysteries. We have no doubt that the most ancient tendencies of thought survived for a long time, and colored and penetrated the later religious expressions. The modes of feeling which lay beneath the mysteries and the forms of Orgiastic worship, beneath the adoration of the sun, the stars, the light, those which have inspired the various ideas of Sacrifice, Atonement, and Reconciliation, and have appeared in the mediation of divine women as well as divine men, from Ceres and Dionysus downward, passed from place to place, from age to age, from a decaying to a renovated worship, and have mingled with Christianity itself. But we want to have it shown more definitely and compactly, with more discrimination in the collocation of passages. The author should help his learned instances by breathing-places of his own speculation, to show why he brings them together, and to justify their use. He has left too much to the independent research of the reader; so that now another volume from the same pen is needed to be a summary of the real force of this great heap of literary allusions.

Mr. Dunlap has confided too much in the good-will and ability of the

public. They will certainly take advantage of it to stigmatize his volumes as rubbish that is heretical when it is explicable, and superfluous throughout. The scholar will value them because they bring under his eye hints and notices that are scattered through a dozen languages, and in many books that are not generally accessible. He will delight to roam, as in a library, through their generously furnished pages ; but he will become a little jaded by the absence of method.

Let Mr. Dunlap, in another volume, give us the substance of these three, carefully fortified by his own conjecture, distilled by discussion, and he will increase the obligation of his readers. He ought to state in plain language, unencumbered with learning, what are the ideas, or the moods of feeling, which one cultus has transmitted to another, what are the natural grounds from which they spring, what temporary exigencies they have served, and how much of them may survive legitimately to enter into any future worship or philosophy of religion. As it is, his volumes exhibit a good many striking coincidences, but do not show how the development of human intelligence drops, or modifies, or preserves and improves, the conceptions which the old world had in the presence of Nature and in the depths of consciousness. Mr. Lecky shows how scholarship may be wedded to a vigorous and genial discussion, during which the gradations of moral and intellectual ideas become plainly marked, and most instructively unfolded. Mr. Dunlap's learning is more remote from the sympathy of modern times, but equally capable of being reduced to a free and flowing expression.

J. W.

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THE next number of this Magazine will be devoted mainly to a consideration of public affairs. But I cannot let the present number go to press, and not occupy the space that is yet left by putting down what I believe to be the truest word that can be uttered. America was never threatened by so appalling a danger as now. Never before was so much power lodged in the hands of a President of this country, with the disposition, openly declared, to use it for evil. **PRESIDENT JOHNSON IS A BOLD, DANGEROUS MAN.** He is animated by a spirit kindred with that which inspired the rebellion. The foes of liberty throughout the land have claimed him from the beginning. *They knew their own.* This is no time to pour oil on the troubled waters. The battle is to be fought out. Not yet is 'LIBERTY victorious' ! Nor will it be—Men and Women of America—while there remains a public man or party, to question the principles of the Republic. The time to discuss those principles has passed. God and humanity now demand their application !

EDITOR.